

# My Brother

by: F. Lewis Etzler. 1989

They watched the bitter struggle, not one came to his side,  
As seconds passed like hours, he must have wondered why,  
And deep inside I see him, his blood upon my arms,  
despite my cries to save him, he was beyond lifes harms.

And still they watched uncaring, mere fun for all to see,  
They didn't know his gentle laugh, this hurts too great to be,  
Then from my arms they pulled him, They tried so much, and yet,  
We knew it simply was too late, my God, so much regret.

And now from their cold faces, their lack of help, their fear,  
They knew what they had done, their eyes were filled with tears,  
In raging noisy silence, with all so slow around,  
The sobs, the muffled voices, broke through this killing ground.

And on they struggled for him, to do what he could not,  
His heart, his breath, his blood, dear God, why was he shot,  
Then sirens soulful wailing, the sounds of running feet,  
If only we could save him, No, . . . not deaths defeat.

And then the lines of blue, black bands upon our chests,  
With cracks of rifle fire, we took him to his rest,  
A distant wail of taps, too much our hearts to bare,  
Grown men, women, brothers, sisters, with sobs expressed our care.

This hurt inside still touches, I hear his childrens cry,  
He'll always live inside me, why did he have to die,  
And by his death lived others, such was the price he paid,  
By badge he was my brother, he's with me everyday.

In loving memory of my brother, Emilio Mijares